So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had ſayd at once,
Ieſu preſerve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God ſave him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne upon his ſacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe have pittied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my ſonne; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God

God knowes, I had as liefe be none as one.

Yor. Well, beare you well in this new-ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime. (umphs?
What news from Oxford? Hold thoſe Iuſts and Tri-

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they doe.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpoſe ſo.

Yor. What ſeale is that that hangs without thy boſome
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let me ſee the writing.

Aum, My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
VVhich for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeene.

Yor. VVhich for ſome reaſons ſir, I meane to ſee:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. VVhat ſhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but ſome Bond, that he is entred into
For gay apparrell againſt the Triumph.

Yor. Bound to himſelfe? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, you are a foole.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I doe beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.

Yor. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it.*
Treaſon, foule treaſon, villaine, traytor, ſlave.

Dut. VVhat's the matter, my Lord?

Yor. Hoa; who's within there; ſaddle my horſe,
Heaven for his mercy what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yor. Give me my boots, I ſay; Saddle my horſe:
Now by my honour, my life, my troth.
I will appeach the villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yor. Peace tooliſh woman.

Dut. I will not peace, what is the matter ſonne?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwer.